

ANOTHER STORY BY JUNIOR OFFICE BOY



n. y., feb. 1.—gee, but we got some pretty swift folks here.

the uther day a nice-looking feller and a well-dressed dame went into the marriage license offis, and said they guessed they would have one

down here you got to tell whether it is your 1st or 2d offense, or maybe more, as for instance not goodwin and lilyan russel

well, this here skirt she admitted having committed matrimoney before, and in the place where you tell what becomes of your former better $\frac{1}{2}$, she wrote, divorced

the feller he hadent never married nobody yet, and the clerk handed them their papers and away they went, as happy as 2 burglars in a prosperous bank

next day there was fireworks in the marridge license office

a guy come in that had seen the license printed in the paper, and he says, sinse when have you been giving out marridge licenses to married wimmen

is this sum kind of a mormon joint, this here female is my wife, and if i am divorsed they must have done it to me while i was asleep

so then the marridge license offis sent a clerk out on the jump

to find the dame and tell her they didnt issue no permits to commit bigemy, and take her papers away from her.

the clerk found her, and he says, maddem, how about this, is this boob your husband, like he says he is

sure he is, she says, we aint lived together for 6 months, but i guess he can still claim the title if it makes him feel any better

then what do you mean, holers the clerk, by making a munky out of our offis, we dont give out marridge licenses to married people, what is the brite little idea anyway

the brite little idea is this, says the lady, i thought if i took out a license to get married, maybe my husband would tumble to the fact that i am through with him

i been telling him so till my voice has got a cramp in it, but he don't seem to be able to get it through his nut

i want him to let me get a divorce so i can marry this other feller, and i had a hunch that when he heard about the license some sort of a light might break in upon him

it's a swell hunch, says the clerk, but gimme back them papers, if you fear jale

by golly, can you beat that